
Title: Dragon's Tear

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The sun began to rise
over the mountains to
the east. The ground
still damp from the
evening dew. To the
north a fire burned
where a housewife
cooked a meal for her
children and guest. A
guard weary from his
all night duty walked
his post on the eastern
rampart with
newfound energy
from the thought of
the morning meal and
a warm bed. A thief
twirled a steel coin
from his nightly
haul. The sun ever
rising now had cleared
the mountains shining
its light and sending
forth its warmth.
However the city
inside the walls
remained dark. A
perpetual shadow
looming over it. A gust
of wind as something
flew overhead startled
an early rising boy
starting his morning
chores. The smell of
sulphur and brimstone
following in its wake.
A rat used to the
sunlight shrinks back
into its hole in fear.
"To the east!" is heard
from the battlements.
Specks on the horizon
ever increasing in
size could be seen. A
glint of steel yet not
entirely of steel was
apparent.

Wind rushed through
the hair of the
half-elf as he
sweated beneath his
armor. He disdained
armor yet he knew he
must wear it for this.
They flight knew
they had to retake the
city, and at any cost.
Ahead lay their goal.
The once proud city
that he called home.
Now that city lay
before him covered by
the shadow of the
citadel. A castle torn
from the ground by
powerful magics. It
hovered above the
city before them.
Before he realized they
were almost upon
their target. Large
creatures poured from
the citadel and flew
towards the dragon
flight with
frightening speed.
The half-elf's mount
dove for the nearest,
the color of the night
sky, it was a majestic
yet horrid beast. As it
turned to face the
oncoming duo the
half-elf's mount
belched. A gout of
flame poured onto the
black dragon's head
and shoulders killing
it almost instantly. As
the half-elf watched
he saw a flash in the
corner of his eye
which was followed
by a heavy wind. A
red dragon had flown
by, its talons mere
inches from tearing
away the half-elf's
head. The half-elf
pulled his mount hard
left towards the
attacker and braced
his weapon. His
mount lunged forward
in the air nearly

striking the dragon,
his hand went numb
from the vibrations in
his weapon. The
dragonlance sank deep
into the abdomen of
the enemy dragon. An
agonized roar filled
the air about him, and
the dragon began to
fall. The half-elf's
mount lurched
forward and down.
The dragonlance had
become lodged in the
body of the larger
dragon. The
half-elf's mount tried
desperately to fend off
the talons of the red
dragon as all three
plummeted to the
ground. The red
dragon let lose another
agonized roar as the
dragonlance tore free.
A shock....and the
world about the
half-elf faded. All
time stopped. All
sound silenced.

Raindrops. Falling
from the heavens,
cold raindrops landed
on the face of the
half-elf. It was
night. The half-elf
looked to the plains on
his left. Bodies lay
strewn about friend
and foe alike. Worried
the half-elf looked to
the city. On the
battlements guards
walked that were not
human. Wings spread
forth from their
backs and long tails
dragged the ground
between their feet.
The citadel still loomed
over the city. The
half-elf looked to his
mount. Cinder, a silver
dragon, and his friend
lay still on the ground.
At the last moment he

had positioned
himself to take the
brunt of the fall and
cushion the rider, his
friend. The half-elf
stroked the
unbreathing side of
the dragon as the rain
receded. "I will see
you soon friend." The
half-elf turned and
walked towards the
city gates, sword
drawn. The moon now
breaking through the
clouds lit up the plains
and reflected a single
tear on the half-elf's
cheek. A tear for a
beloved friend. A
dragon's tear.
A friend lost is a peice
of ones self lost.
Reflect on yourself as
you reflect on this
tale.

-HD